

FROM PARIS DRESSMAKERS



Some Questions of Etiquette

Kindly advise me what initials a prospective bridegroom should have engraved on the cover of a Bible, which he intends to give the bride to carry on the wedding day. Should the initials of her maiden name appear, or those she will have after she has been married? L. P. P.

You should have the initials of the bride's maiden name put on the Bible you are to give her. It is always supposed to be correct to have the bride's initial in her maiden name on all her presents, as they are given to her before she is married.

When a young gentleman is introduced to an elderly lady, would it be proper to recognize the introduction with a bow, without rising from his chair? E. P. P.

It would be discourteous for either a young or an old gentleman to remain seated when he is being presented to either a young or an old lady. It is supposed that a gentleman, young or old, should consider an introduction in the light of a compliment, and any lady would have a right to be extremely offended if the gentleman who is being introduced to her could not take the trouble to be civil enough to acknowledge the introduction as a gentleman.

Kindly tell me what is the proper thing to do with a knife and fork in passing the plate for a second helping—left on the plate or not? INQUIRER.

Certainly, the knife and fork should be left on the plate when the plate is passed the second time. The habit of holding the knife and fork in one hand and passing the plate with the other is, to say the least, indecent. Furthermore, the knife and fork should be put close together, with the handles outside. If they are left loose on the plate in a careless fashion, there is always danger of their falling off.

Is it customary for a man to wear a mourning band around his hat for a year after the death of a wife, nephew or cousin—if so, how deep should the band be? A. S.

As a rule, men do not wear mourning bands on their hats, except after the loss of some very near and dear relative. For a favorite nephew or niece or cousin, if it is wished to show respect and affection, a

band of medium size can be worn for six months. It is not customary any longer to wear mourning for any length of time, even for near relatives, and men very soon leave off all semblance of it.

In passing a lady on the street whom a gentleman has been introduced to at a dance the evening before, can he bow as soon as he sees her or must he wait until she recognizes him? JOSEPH.

There is no rule more strictly enforced than that the lady should bow first.

If an invitation to a dinner is sent out four days before the dinner is to take place, does that mean it is going to be a formal dinner party or does it mean that you are only asked to fill in?

The invitation reads: "Will you dine with us next Thursday at 7:30 o'clock—quite informally." I heard that these people were going to have a dinner and I have thought it very strange I wasn't asked. Will it be leaving my social position if I accept the invitation now? J. R. T.

The chances are that you have been asked to fill a vacant place at the dinner, and it may be a formal dinner, but instead of making your social position you may make valuable friends for yourself by accepting the invitation, for by so doing you are conferring a favor on your friends. The best plan is for you to take it for granted that the dinner is a formal one. Dress accordingly, make up your mind to be as agreeable as possible, and you will probably have an extremely good time.

Is there any harm in my sending flowers to a young gentleman whom I have asked to go to a dance with me? He hasn't got as much money as I have, so he can't send me any flowers, but it was very nice of him to ask me, and I would like him to have some flowers in his buttonhole. If I do send it, ought I to send it with my card? DAISY.

It would be better for you not to send the flowers at all, but it would certainly be paying the young gentleman a great deal of attention, and there would be something awkward about sending your card with it, while you certainly would not wish to send it anonymously. If you have a bouquet of your own you can give him a bouquet from it when you meet him at the dance.

Later, the return home, and the introduction to society; more newspaper clippings, this time descriptive of her appearance on her "coming out party," cards of this and that admirer long forgotten, a German favor here and there, a scrap of poetry scrawled in a masculine hand, a reference to a trip to New York, a tin horn fastened in to bring up a night on Broadway during election time; a cabalistic sign or two interpretable only by the owner.

Further along an engagement announcement, a page devoted to the wedding, some faded orange blossoms, and rice grains scattered profusely over a page.

These are a few of the entries in the first "freak book." The women who are following the idea are developing novelties from their inner consciousness, and are united in pronouncing the new diversion "lots of fun."

Later, the return home, and the introduction to society; more newspaper clippings, this time descriptive of her appearance on her "coming out party," cards of this and that admirer long forgotten, a German favor here and there, a scrap of poetry scrawled in a masculine hand, a reference to a trip to New York, a tin horn fastened in to bring up a night on Broadway during election time; a cabalistic sign or two interpretable only by the owner.

Further along an engagement announcement, a page devoted to the wedding, some faded orange blossoms, and rice grains scattered profusely over a page.

These are a few of the entries in the first "freak book." The women who are following the idea are developing novelties from their inner consciousness, and are united in pronouncing the new diversion "lots of fun."

Later, the return home, and the introduction to society; more newspaper clippings, this time descriptive of her appearance on her "coming out party," cards of this and that admirer long forgotten, a German favor here and there, a scrap of poetry scrawled in a masculine hand, a reference to a trip to New York, a tin horn fastened in to bring up a night on Broadway during election time; a cabalistic sign or two interpretable only by the owner.

Further along an engagement announcement, a page devoted to the wedding, some faded orange blossoms, and rice grains scattered profusely over a page.

These are a few of the entries in the first "freak book." The women who are following the idea are developing novelties from their inner consciousness, and are united in pronouncing the new diversion "lots of fun."

Later, the return home, and the introduction to society; more newspaper clippings, this time descriptive of her appearance on her "coming out party," cards of this and that admirer long forgotten, a German favor here and there, a scrap of poetry scrawled in a masculine hand, a reference to a trip to New York, a tin horn fastened in to bring up a night on Broadway during election time; a cabalistic sign or two interpretable only by the owner.

Further along an engagement announcement, a page devoted to the wedding, some faded orange blossoms, and rice grains scattered profusely over a page.

These are a few of the entries in the first "freak book." The women who are following the idea are developing novelties from their inner consciousness, and are united in pronouncing the new diversion "lots of fun."

Later, the return home, and the introduction to society; more newspaper clippings, this time descriptive of her appearance on her "coming out party," cards of this and that admirer long forgotten, a German favor here and there, a scrap of poetry scrawled in a masculine hand, a reference to a trip to New York, a tin horn fastened in to bring up a night on Broadway during election time; a cabalistic sign or two interpretable only by the owner.

A SERVANT INSPECTOR

The little woman with the high forehead and the eyes that seem to stare down the law to her callers. They all seemed impressed. This may have been a politeness felt to be due to the hostess. Again, it may have been honest. All things are possible where woman is concerned. At all events, the woman who was at home was expounding with much force.

"What is needed," she said, "is not so much newspaper notoriety on the subject of the servant girl, as it is reform at the intelligence office. There is where the root of the evil lies. In a great many of these places business is conducted in the most lax manner. I have tried the dollar place, the two-dollar place and the three-dollar place, and except for a difference in surroundings, the places are identical.

There ought to be a law passed restricting each individual intelligent office to a particular class of servants. This would not hurt the business of the proprietors; it would help the housekeeper. For instance, I would license one place to provide German servants, another for Irish girls, a third for the Swede, a fourth for the negro with her knowledge

of Southern cooking; again, a place where Chinese help might be had, then a place for the American-born domestic. I tell you this system would be hailed with delight by a long-suffering public which worries along with anything the office sends up in acknowledgment of the fee.

"Further than this, I would subdivide the nationalities, allowing one office to deal in cooks, another in chambermaids, a third in nurses, another in housemaids, etc. By this means a woman might go direct to the place licensed to supply the domestic article of which she was in need, and her time, the time of the help, and the time of the proprietors of the offices would be saved.

"There is another thing I would insist upon, and that would be the appointment of some efficient woman to act as overseer of all these places. We have special attorney generals for the metropolitan district, special excise men, special examiners of almost every known description, but no expert to visit intelligence offices and see that the law is being carried out to the letter. There hasn't been a change in our employment agency law for years—and we've become sensible to a good many needs in the last 10 years. Will you help me legislate for this improvement?"

The callers politely said they would.

ARTISTIC EXPEDIENT

A woman who has more artistic ideas than money for their execution has added greatly to the attractiveness of her drawing-room by the exercise of a little ingenuity. When she moved into her new quarters she insisted that the place be termed an "apartment." Some of her more prosaic friends, in attempting to point out to her the lack of logic in a person of her limited means inhabiting an "apartment," when all others in her situation were content to dwell in mere "flats," were entirely unsuccessful in their objections.

"This is an apartment," she declared, positively, "and furthermore, the front room is a drawing-room, and not a parlor. Also, my servant is a maid, not a girl."

This was certainly style with a vengeance, and the young woman was put to some pains to live up to her characterization. But she proved equal to the emergency.

She made inquiries as to what it would cost to fit up the drawing-room according to her notions. She consulted with a furnishing expert in one of the swell importing houses. He told her carefully that the thing might be done for a trifle less than \$500. She gravely considered the figure, and seemed undecided whether to give the order that day or wait until the morrow. Finally, she left, still undecided.

But yet another couch was needed, and this time the inventive woman utilized a couple of steamer trunks, reminders of a more prosperous past. They were of the same height, but of different lengths, but this latter consideration was no objection. A cotton pad was placed on top, and over this was thrown a handsome Bagdad curtain. If there is any more attractive arrangement, the young woman would be pleased to hear of it.

Soandso, asking for particulars, and then she waited.

MAINTLE OF TURTLEDOVE-CRAY VELVET AND CLOTH OF THE SAME SHADE, TRIMMED WITH SILVER BRAID & ERMINE.

She occasionally writes "pieces for the paper." Not all of these "pieces" are accepted by the papers to whose editors

ness, that no chair should ever enter that room. She sent around to the nearest dry goods store, and for a few cents became owner of a plain pine box, 6 feet long 32 inches wide and 15 inches high. She had hinges put on this, and she filled the box with a lot of things she couldn't find room for elsewhere. On the top of the box she placed a cotton mattress from a single cot bed, and over it fastened a chenille curtain of attractive pattern. Then she made her friends make some cushions for her, and that couch was a thing of beauty, of utility and of cheapness. It was a delight to recline on its comforting surface, and it set off the apartment admirably.

But yet another couch was needed, and this time the inventive woman utilized a couple of steamer trunks, reminders of a more prosperous past. They were of the same height, but of different lengths, but this latter consideration was no objection. A cotton pad was placed on top, and over this was thrown a handsome Bagdad curtain. If there is any more attractive arrangement, the young woman would be pleased to hear of it.

Soandso, asking for particulars, and then she waited.

She did not have to wait long. A postman early brought her a neatly directed, and even more neatly printed, circular, which was entitled "A Chance For New and Unrecognized Authors." It appeared that Mr. Soandso, out of the kindness of his heart, had determined to assist the struggling by permitting their productions to appear in his own magazine—which, by the way, had not yet taken printed and tangible shape at the time of the communication to the more or less literary miss.

The circular fairly flowed over with the milk of human kindness, which its author was prepared to spill in the interests of the pen ambitious. Said he:

"How often that polite phrase, 'Declined with thanks' has served to discourage an earnest, able and ambitious writer who probably never be known. Poets who might have sung their country's glory, novelists who might have depicted the secrets of the human heart, and publicists who might have aroused the dormant powers of the people have all been kept from the tangible fruits which public recognition brings to the genius, and even to the writer of only ordinary ability. There is no more sensitive being than the unfledged writer; and the cold-blooded businesslike character of the editor has nipped the ambition of many a promising literature in the bud.

"If you can write a poem, an article or a story, send it to us, on approval, and insertion, we will pay you liberally and deal with you just as if you were a well known author, run after and courted by the editors of magazine of world-wide fame."

As an afterthought the philanthropist casually mentions that a fee of \$5 is necessary to entitle the author to membership in the select circle, and that "the manuscripts of writers not on our roll cannot be considered under any circumstances."

In all that is sweet there is the bitter drop which is for the good of the soul. It is the law. The independence of down-town, self-supporting womanhood in the beginning was marred by the obtrusive question, "Where shall self-supporting womanhood lunch?" On the one hand was the traditional glass of milk and wedge of pie; on the other were the restaurants for men, in many of which women were not even tolerated. There was a plain case of the want of a luncheon for the feminine sex, particularly a place where they could get a warm midday meal for a price within their means.

Business girls cannot afford to pay 25 cents for a cup of chocolate, for the waiter a like amount, and then be openly sneered at by that imperial creature because they do not spend \$2 in his hashery. It is not to be thought of.

"Oh! that women were worth considering," the girls said.

Demand makes supply and supply makes demand. That is also the law. Something—let us say thought vibrations, for they are the fashion—prompted a young woman who was a born and bred doer, to open a small luncheon for the downtown business girls. They looked to it like hungry angels as soon as they found out about it. The little room was outgrown, and Miss Dunne removed to larger quarters. Here

the budding enterprise received a slap in the face and was almost ruined. A man opened a cafe underneath it and the girls fled. Women could not go in and out and up and down over a saloon, and that ended it. The proprietress picked up her belongings, soup pot, gridiron and coffee urn, and set them down in a new place. For the third time there was the miserable "getting used to new surroundings."

The unique undertaking again flourished after a time, however, and its success disproves several molly and disintegrating libels. The first is that women will not patronize and support their own sex; the second is that they prefer the company of men to that of one another. Girls come to the restaurant each mornitide by the hundred—stenographers, telegraphers, book-keepers, cashiers, clerks and lawyers, girls dark and fair, plump and willowy, with their natty, new-fashioned short skirts and tasteful unfussed up business hats. They are refined and intelligent-looking young business women.

They do not lunch on chocolate creams and film-flam. Not they! Old-time poets and romancers bestow on their heroines the appetite of a canary, and have physicians prescribe gobs of whey and gentle exercise for froward maidens. The food is as substantial as at any man's restaurant—much the same, in fact. Some difference, indeed, there is. No beer is served and there are four kinds of dessert.

Yet a third molly libel on the feminine sex receives a blow in this luncheon. It is that women chatter like magpies when they are together and unrestrained by the overwhelming presence of man. American women do not, at any rate. These girls of business are surprisingly quiet. They enter and take their places at table with a preoccupied look, as though they have brought their work with them. Their minds cannot immediately slip it off and put it down like a peddler's pack.

The girls talk of clothes, of beaux and of woes. These not exclusively, but among other matters. Women pour their grievances and sorrows into the sympathetic ears of sister women. It is a way the sex has. If an unreasonable or ill-tempered employer could hear the veriest pronounced on him in this women's luncheon room he would scold the girls again. From one table floats talk on fashions. If you listen to words not at all intended for your ear you will find that one of these businesslike young women is actually betting another that she can detect every girl in that room who wears one of the new skirt pads the minute she sees her walk.

"The pads always wobble," she says. "I bet you can't do it," answers the other. "The wobbly ones are made of wire springs. If you make 'em of birdseed—"

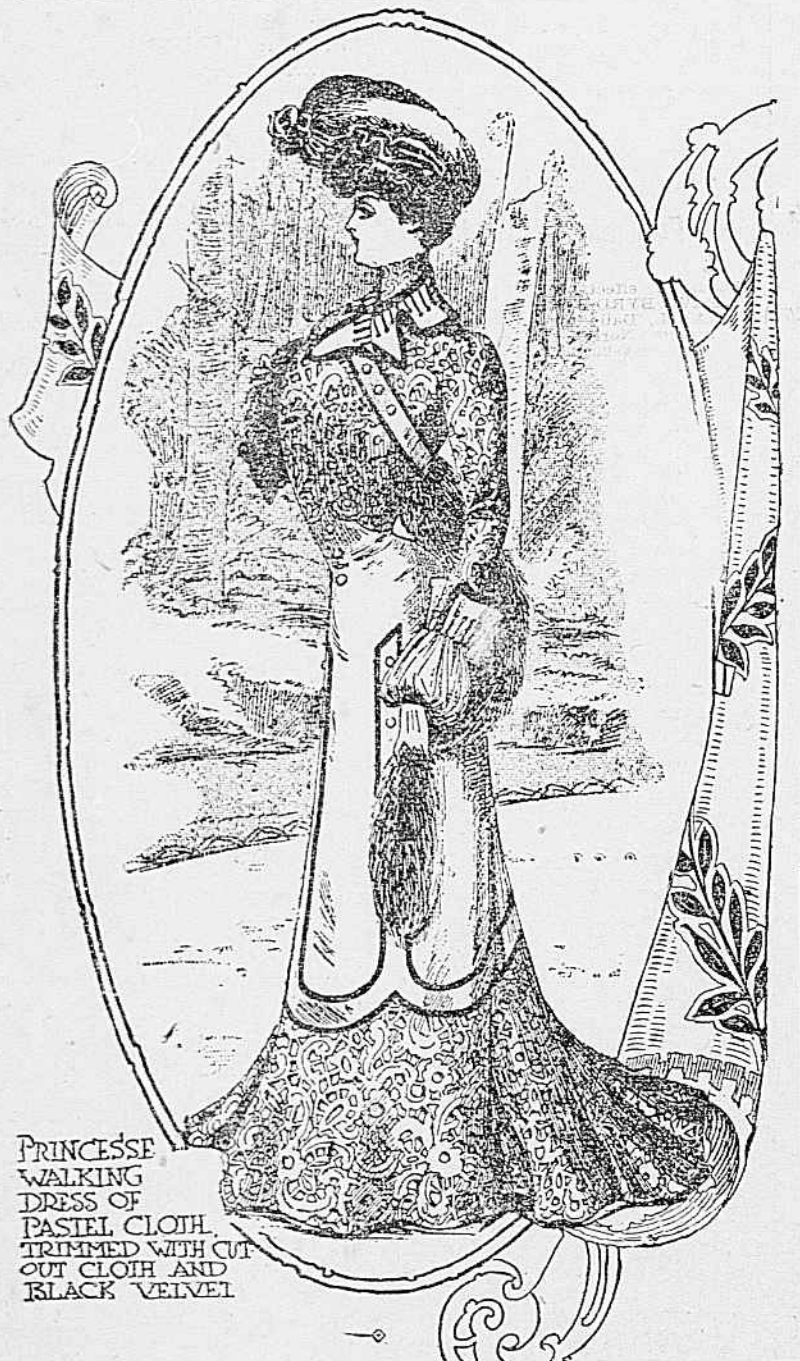
"Now, look out, or you'll get me angry!" says another business woman, a pretty girl, whose chums are geyting her. "I don't believe you could," replies her friend, "you are so good-tempered."

"It's true, I never lose my temper except at home," replies the pretty girl. "That's the worst possible place to lose it," remarks a woman attorney, speaking as one having authority. "It always raises the biggest row, makes divorce cases and work without end for the lawyers."

"But you can't keep your temper at home, can you?"

"The woman lawyer thinks you can if you try, decidedly."

Ladies of the law are so interested in their profession that they talk shop a little, even at the table. They are interested in cases in which members of the bar of . . . newspaper women are perhaps more silent than the rest. Mayhap they are musing on whether it will pay better to strive for higher reward in the journalistic profession or to strive to get out of it altogether. Maybe it is a toss-up.



PRINCESSE WALKING DRESS OF PASTEL CLOTH, TRIMMED WITH CUT OUT CLOTH AND BLACK VELVET

ARTISTIC EXPEDIENT

A woman who has more artistic ideas than money for their execution has added greatly to the attractiveness of her drawing-room by the exercise of a little ingenuity. When she moved into her new quarters she insisted that the place be termed an "apartment." Some of her more prosaic friends, in attempting to point out to her the lack of logic in a person of her limited means inhabiting an "apartment," when all others in her situation were content to dwell in mere "flats," were entirely unsuccessful in their objections.

"This is an apartment," she declared, positively, "and furthermore, the front room is a drawing-room, and not a parlor. Also, my servant is a maid, not a girl."

This was certainly style with a vengeance, and the young woman was put to some pains to live up to her characterization. But she proved equal to the emergency.

She made inquiries as to what it would cost to fit up the drawing-room according to her notions. She consulted with a furnishing expert in one of the swell importing houses. He told her carefully that the thing might be done for a trifle less than \$500. She gravely considered the figure, and seemed undecided whether to give the order that day or wait until the morrow. Finally, she left, still undecided.

But yet another couch was needed, and this time the inventive woman utilized a couple of steamer trunks, reminders of a more prosperous past. They were of the same height, but of different lengths, but this latter consideration was no objection. A cotton pad was placed on top, and over this was thrown a handsome Bagdad curtain. If there is any more attractive arrangement, the young woman would be pleased to hear of it.

Soandso, asking for particulars, and then she waited.

MAINTLE OF TURTLEDOVE-CRAY VELVET AND CLOTH OF THE SAME SHADE, TRIMMED WITH SILVER BRAID & ERMINE.

She occasionally writes "pieces for the paper." Not all of these "pieces" are accepted by the papers to whose editors

ness, that no chair should ever enter that room. She sent around to the nearest dry goods store, and for a few cents became owner of a plain pine box, 6 feet long 32 inches wide and 15 inches high. She had hinges put on this, and she filled the box with a lot of things she couldn't find room for elsewhere. On the top of the box she placed a cotton mattress from a single cot bed, and over it fastened a chenille curtain of attractive pattern. Then she made her friends make some cushions for her, and that couch was a thing of beauty, of utility and of cheapness. It was a delight to recline on its comforting surface, and it set off the apartment admirably.

But yet another couch was needed, and this time the inventive woman utilized a couple of steamer trunks, reminders of a more prosperous past. They were of the same height, but of different lengths, but this latter consideration was no objection. A cotton pad was placed on top, and over this was thrown a handsome Bagdad curtain. If there is any more attractive arrangement, the young woman would be pleased to hear of it.

Soandso, asking for particulars, and then she waited.

She did not have to wait long. A postman early brought her a neatly directed, and even more neatly printed, circular, which was entitled "A Chance For New and Unrecognized Authors." It appeared that Mr. Soandso, out of the kindness of his heart, had determined to assist the struggling by permitting their productions to appear in his own magazine—which, by the way, had not yet taken printed and tangible shape at the time of the communication to the more or less literary miss.

The circular fairly flowed over with the milk of human kindness, which its author was prepared to spill in the interests of the pen ambitious. Said he:

"How often that polite phrase, 'Declined with thanks' has served to discourage an earnest, able and ambitious writer who probably never be known. Poets who might have sung their country's glory, novelists who might have depicted the secrets of the human heart, and publicists who might have aroused the dormant powers of the people have all been kept from the tangible fruits which public recognition brings to the genius, and even to the writer of only ordinary ability. There is no more sensitive being than the unfledged writer; and the cold-blooded businesslike character of the editor has nipped the ambition of many a promising literature in the bud.

"If you can write a poem, an article or a story, send it to us, on approval, and insertion, we will pay you liberally and deal with you just as if you were a well known author, run after and courted by the editors of magazine of world-wide fame."

As an afterthought the philanthropist casually mentions that a fee of \$5 is necessary to entitle the author to membership in the select circle, and that "the manuscripts of writers not on our roll cannot be considered under any circumstances."

In all that is sweet there is the bitter drop which is for the good of the soul. It is the law. The independence of down-town, self-supporting womanhood in the beginning was marred by the obtrusive question, "Where shall self-supporting womanhood lunch?" On the one hand was the traditional glass of milk and wedge of pie; on the other were the restaurants for men, in many of which women were not even tolerated. There was a plain case of the want of a luncheon for the feminine sex, particularly a place where they could get a warm midday meal for a price within their means.

Business girls cannot afford to pay 25 cents for a cup of chocolate, for the waiter a like amount, and then be openly sneered at by that imperial creature because they do not spend \$2 in his hashery. It is not to be thought of.

"Oh! that women were worth considering," the girls said.

Demand makes supply and supply makes demand. That is also the law. Something—let us say thought vibrations, for they are the fashion—prompted a young woman who was a born and bred doer, to open a small luncheon for the downtown business girls. They looked to it like hungry angels as soon as they found out about it. The little room was outgrown, and Miss Dunne removed to larger quarters. Here

the budding enterprise received a slap in the face and was almost ruined. A man opened a cafe underneath it and the girls fled. Women could not go in and out and up and down over a saloon, and that ended it. The proprietress picked up her belongings, soup pot, gridiron and coffee urn, and set them down in a new place. For the third time there was the miserable "getting used to new surroundings."

The unique undertaking again flourished after a time, however, and its success disproves several molly and disintegrating libels. The first is that women will not patronize and support their own sex; the second is that they prefer the company of men to that of one another. Girls come to the restaurant each mornitide by the hundred—stenographers, telegraphers, book-keepers, cashiers, clerks and lawyers, girls dark and fair, plump and willowy, with their natty, new-fashioned short skirts and tasteful unfussed up business hats. They are refined and intelligent-looking young business women.

They do not lunch on chocolate creams and film-flam. Not they! Old-time poets and romancers bestow on their heroines the appetite of a canary, and have physicians prescribe gobs of whey and gentle exercise for froward maidens. The food is as substantial as at any man's restaurant—much the same, in fact. Some difference, indeed, there is. No beer is served and there are four kinds of dessert.

Yet a third molly libel on the feminine sex receives a blow in this luncheon. It is that women chatter like magpies when they are together and unrestrained by the overwhelming presence of man. American women do not, at any rate. These girls of business are surprisingly quiet. They enter and take their places at table with a preoccupied look, as though they have brought their work with them. Their minds cannot immediately slip it off and put it down like a peddler's pack.

The girls talk of clothes, of beaux and of woes. These not exclusively, but among other matters. Women pour their grievances and sorrows into the sympathetic ears of sister women. It is a way the sex has. If an unreasonable or ill-tempered employer could hear the veriest pronounced on him in this women's luncheon room he would scold the girls again. From one table floats talk on fashions. If you listen to words not at all intended for your ear you will find that one of these businesslike young women is actually betting another that she can detect every girl in that room who wears one of the new skirt pads the minute she sees her walk.

"The pads always wobble," she says. "I bet you can't do it," answers the other. "The wobbly ones are made of wire springs. If you make 'em of birdseed—"

"Now, look out, or you'll get me angry!" says another business woman, a pretty girl, whose chums are geyting her. "I don't believe you could," replies her friend, "you are so good-tempered."

"It's true, I never lose my temper except at home," replies the pretty girl. "That's the worst possible place to lose it," remarks a woman attorney, speaking as one having authority. "It always raises the biggest row, makes divorce cases and work without end for the lawyers."

"But you can't keep your temper at home, can you?"

"The woman lawyer thinks you can if you try, decidedly."

Ladies of the law are so interested in their profession that they talk shop a little, even at the table. They are interested in cases in which members of the bar of . . . newspaper women are perhaps more silent than the rest. Mayhap they are musing on whether it will pay better to strive for higher reward in the journalistic profession or to strive to get out of it altogether. Maybe it is a toss-up.

MAINTLE OF TURTLEDOVE-CRAY VELVET AND CLOTH OF THE SAME SHADE, TRIMMED WITH SILVER BRAID & ERMINE.

She occasionally writes "pieces for the paper." Not all of these "pieces" are accepted by the papers to whose editors

ness, that no chair should ever enter that room. She sent around to the nearest dry goods store, and for a few cents became owner of a plain pine box, 6 feet long 32 inches wide and 15 inches high. She had hinges put on this, and she filled the box with a lot of things she couldn't find room for elsewhere. On the top of the box she placed a cotton mattress from a single cot bed, and over it fastened a chenille curtain of attractive pattern. Then she made her friends make some cushions for her, and that couch was a thing of beauty, of utility and of cheapness. It was a delight to recline on its comforting surface, and it set off the apartment admirably.

But yet another couch was needed, and this time the inventive woman utilized a couple of steamer trunks, reminders of a more prosperous past. They were of the same height, but of different lengths, but this latter consideration was no objection. A cotton pad was placed on top, and over this was thrown a handsome Bagdad curtain. If there is any more attractive arrangement, the young woman would be pleased to hear of it.

Soandso, asking for particulars, and then she waited.

She did not have to wait long. A postman early brought her a neatly directed, and even more neatly printed, circular, which was entitled "A Chance For New and Unrecognized Authors." It appeared that Mr. Soandso, out of the kindness of his heart, had determined to assist the struggling by permitting their productions to appear in his own magazine—which, by the way, had not yet taken printed and tangible shape at the time of the communication to the more or less literary miss.

The circular fairly flowed over with the milk of human kindness, which its author was prepared to spill in the interests of the pen ambitious. Said he:

"How often that polite phrase, 'Declined with thanks' has served to discourage an earnest, able and ambitious writer who probably never be known. Poets who might have sung their country's glory, novelists who might have depicted the secrets of the human heart, and publicists who might have aroused the dormant powers of the people have all been kept from the tangible fruits which public recognition brings to the genius, and even to the writer of only ordinary ability. There is no more sensitive being than the unfledged writer; and the cold-blooded businesslike character of the editor has nipped the ambition of many a promising literature in the bud.

"If you can write a poem, an article or a story, send it to us, on approval, and insertion, we will pay you liberally and deal with you just as if you were a well known author, run after and courted by the editors of magazine of world-wide fame."

As an afterthought the philanthropist casually mentions that a fee of \$5 is necessary to entitle the author to membership in the select circle, and that "the manuscripts of writers not on our roll cannot be considered under any circumstances."

In all that is sweet there is the bitter drop which is for the good of the soul. It is the law. The independence of down-town, self-supporting womanhood in the beginning was marred by the obtrusive question, "Where shall self-supporting womanhood lunch?" On the one hand was the traditional glass of milk and wedge of pie; on the other were the restaurants for men, in many of which women were not even tolerated. There was a plain case of the want of a luncheon for the feminine sex, particularly a place where they could get a warm midday meal for a price within their means.

Business girls cannot afford to pay 25 cents for a cup of chocolate, for the waiter a like amount, and then be openly sneered at by that imperial creature because they do not spend \$2 in his hashery. It is not to be thought of.

"Oh! that women were worth considering," the girls said.

Demand makes supply and supply makes demand. That is also the law. Something—let us say thought vibrations, for they are the fashion—prompted a young woman who was a born and bred doer, to open a small luncheon for the downtown business girls. They looked to it like hungry angels as soon as they found out about it. The little room was outgrown, and Miss Dunne removed to larger quarters. Here

the budding enterprise received a slap in the face and was almost ruined. A man opened a cafe underneath it and the girls fled. Women could not go in and out and up and down over a saloon, and that ended it. The proprietress picked up her belongings, soup pot, gridiron and coffee urn, and set them down in a new place. For the third time there was the miserable "getting used to new surroundings."

The unique undertaking again flourished after a time, however, and its success disproves several molly and disintegrating libels. The first is that women will not patronize and support their own sex; the second is that they prefer the company of men to that of one another. Girls come to the restaurant each mornitide by the hundred—stenographers, telegraphers, book-keepers, cashiers, clerks and lawyers, girls dark and fair, plump and willowy, with their natty, new-fashioned short skirts and tasteful unfussed up business hats. They are refined and intelligent-looking young business women.

They do not lunch on chocolate creams and film-flam. Not they! Old-time poets and romancers bestow on their heroines the appetite of a canary, and have physicians prescribe gobs of whey and gentle exercise for froward maidens. The food is as substantial as at any man's restaurant—much the same, in fact. Some difference, indeed, there is. No beer is served and there are four kinds of dessert.